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THE

HAWARDEN HORACE



THE  
HAWARDEN HORACE

BY  
CHARLES L. GRAVES

AUTHOR OF 'THE BLARNEY BALLADS' 'THE GREEN ABOVE THE RED'

LONDON  
SMITH, ELDER, & CO., 15 WATERLOO PLACE

1894

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## NOTE

TEN of the following pieces have appeared in the columns of the *Spectator*, from which they are reprinted by the kind permission of the editor. The remainder are now published for the first time. The rendering of *Eheu fugaces* (Od. II. 14) is from the pen of Mr. M. H. Temple, and that of *Est mihi nonum* (Od. IV. 11) by Mr. E. V. Lucas. For permission to include their unpublished versions in my collection, as well as for many emendations and helpful suggestions, I desire most cordially and gratefully to acknowledge my indebtedness to these two friends.

C. L. G.

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THE  
HAWARDEN HORACE

*AD MÆCENATEM*

MÆCENAS atavis edite regibus,  
O et præsidium et dulce decus meum,  
Sunt quos curriculo pulverem Olympicum  
Collegisse juvat, metaque fervidis  
Evitata rotis palmaque nobilis  
Terrarum dominos evehit ad deos ;  
Hunc, si mobilium turba Quiritium  
Certat tergemini tollere honoribus ;  
Illum, si proprio condidit horreo,  
Quidquid de Libycis verritur areis.  
Gaudentem patrio findere sarculo  
Agros Attalicis conditionibus

*AD PLANTAGENISTAM*

VERNON, whose lion port and stately grace  
 Proclaim thee scion of a royal race !  
 Vernon, my strenuous henchman, stout and true,  
 Hast marked the diverse aims that men pursue ?  
 Some straddling hunchbacked o'er the 'scorching' wheel  
 In record-cutting all their joyance feel,  
 Or hold the bounding prowess of a Fry  
 Exalts the happy athlete to the sky.  
 Others, again, before the masses bow,  
 And spend their time in planning to endow  
 Each yokel with three acres and a cow.  
 Others, again, unscrupulous modern Horners,  
 Find bliss in making corn or cotton corners.

Nunquam dimoveas, ut trabe Cypria  
Myrtoum pavidus nauta secet mare.  
Luctantem Icariis fluctibus Africum  
Mercator metuens otium et oppidi  
Laudat rura sui ; mox reficit rates  
Quassas indocilis pauperiem pati.  
Est qui nec veteris pocula Massici  
Nec partem solido demere de die  
Spernit, nunc viridi membra sub arbuto  
Stratus, nunc ad aquæ lene caput sacræ.  
Multos castra juvant et lituo tubæ  
Permixtus sonitus bellaque matribus  
Detestata. Manet sub Jove frigido  
Venator teneræ conjugis immemor,  
Seu visa est catulis cerva fidelibus,

The Celts, who hunger for the land in fee,  
Let aliens reap the riches of their sea,  
While British tars, of wind and wave the sport,  
Pray, as they pitch and roll, for any port ;  
Anon, defiant of a watery doom,  
Their iron ' Resolution ' they resume.  
Some whom I know chase cobwebs from their brain  
By quaffing brimming bumpers of champagne ;  
While others, by capricious fortune tried.  
Prefer to ' cultivate their own fireside.'  
The soldier's life still yields a potent spell,  
Nor risk nor hardship can avail to quell ;  
For, spite of Labouchere's parochial view,  
Our youth read Kipling, and admire Selous  
Sport claims its numerous votaries, who roam,  
Regardless of the ties of House or home,  
By flood and field, o'er moorland, heath and crag,  
Their sole desire to make a goodly bag.

Seu rupit teretes Marsus aper plagas.  
Me doctarum hederæ præmia frontium  
Dis miscent superis ; me gelidum nemus  
Nympharumque leves cum Satyris chori  
Secernunt populo, si neque tibus  
Euterpe cohibet nec Polyhymnia  
Lesboum refugit tendere barbiton.  
Quod si me lyricis vatibus inseres,  
Sublimi feriam sidera vertice.

Me, late withdrawn from Downing's dusty street  
To breezy Brighton's Tusculan retreat,  
An ardent aspiration stirs and sways  
To win and wear the unawarded bays.  
Oh, could I by some sweet and swanlike strain  
'Translate' myself unto that 'higher plane'<sup>1</sup>  
Where Homer, Tennyson, and Horace reign !—  
Oh, then, without one solitary pang,  
Could I afford to let Home Rule go hang,  
Pardon the Peers, and from my conquering car  
Look down with brow elate on *Sun* and *Star* !

<sup>1</sup> 'Tennyson's exertions have been on a higher plane of human action than my own. He has worked in a higher field, and his work will be more durable.'—*Speech of Mr. Gladstone at Kirkwall, September 12, 1883.*

*AD PYRRHAM*

QUIS multa gracilis te puer in rosa  
Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus  
Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?  
Cui flavam religas comam

Simplex munditiis? Heu quoties fidem  
Mutatosque deos flebit, et aspera

*AD HIBERNIAM*

REDOLENT of 'Jockey Club,'

Pliant as a lath,

Is the boy you now decoy

Down the primrose path.

Him with neatly braided locks

Lovingly you lure,

Clad in green, and in your mien

Studiously demure.

Soon from off the gingerbread

Vanishes the guilt :

Ere the year be spent and sere

You will prove a jilt.

Nigris æquora ventis  
Emirabitur insolens,

Qui nunc te fruitur credulus aurea,  
Qui semper vacuum, semper amabilem  
Sperat, nescius auræ  
Fallacis ! Miseri quibus

Intentata nites. Me tabula sacer  
Votiva paries indicat uvida

Do I blame him? No, not I;—

Only could a wizard

In your face the symptoms trace

Of the coming blizzard.

Trusting in your halcyon mood

Thinks he, simple chiel,

You will bide, whate'er betide,

Lovable and leal.

When a landsman in a sieve

Braves the Western gales,

Patrick Jones must have his bones—

(Davy works for Wales).

Lamentable is the lot

Of the gilded friend

You bemuse and Hugh Price Hughes

Labours to amend.

Suspendisse potenti

Vestimenta maris deo.

I was very nearly wrecked  
Rounding Ireland's Eye ;  
But I swam, and here I am  
High and dry and spry.

*AD PLANCUM*

LAUDABUNT alii claram Rhodon aut Mytilenen,  
Aut Epheson bimarisve Corinthi  
Mœnia, vel Baccho Thebas vel Apolline Delphos  
Insignes aut Thessala Tempe.  
Sunt, quibus unum opus est intactæ Palladis urbem  
Carminе perpetuo celebrare, et

*AD MORLEIUM*

SOME say 'twas in Midlothian, and some there be who  
swear

I first beheld the moonlight in the wilds of county  
Clare.

Some say 'twas Tory Island, and some have little doubt  
'Twas either Tara famed for song, or Dublin famed for  
stout.

Some back the Modern Athens, whose architecture's  
grace

In all its 'virgin purity' <sup>1</sup> in memory I retrace.

<sup>1</sup> 'I know Edinburgh well; I knew almost every street and every corner . . . when Edinburgh was in what I may call the virgin purity of its architecture.'—*Speech of Mr. Gladstone at the Council Chamber, Edinburgh, November 25, 1879.*

Undique decerptam fronti præponere olivam.

Plurimus in Junonis honorem

Aptum dicet equis Argos ditiesque Mycenæ.

Me nec tam patiens Lacedæmon

Nec tam Larissæ percussit campus opimæ,

Quam domus Albunæ resonantis

Et præceps Anio ac Tiburni lucus et uda

Mobilibus pomaria rivis.

Albus ut obscuro deterget nubila cœlo

Sæpe Notus neque parturit imbres

Perpetuos, sic tu sapiens finire memento

Tristitiam vitæque labores

Hall Caine would like to claim me for the Isle of Grand  
Old Man,

And Labouchere's disposed to think I hail from the  
Soudan ;

While many a gallant Taffy is as sure as eggs can be  
That from the house of Harlech I derive my pedigree.  
But though unable to affirm that I have not been  
smitten

With all the disadvantages of being born a Briton,  
In spite of strong inducements to emerge on alien earth  
I blush to own in Liverpool the background of my birth.  
But stay, I'll move the closure here.

Though, Morley, you and I  
Were born and bred on English soil, 'neath England's  
foggy sky,  
Though wearied by your daily dose of endless Irish  
stew,  
Though Art is looking Yellow, and politics look blue,

Molli, Plance, mero, seu te fulgentia signis  
    Castra tenent seu densa tenebit  
Tiburis umbra tui. Teucer Salamina patremque  
    Quum fugeret, tamen uda Lyæo  
Tempora populea fertur vinxisse corona,  
    Sic tristes affatus amicos :  
' Quo nos cunque feret melior fortuna parente  
    Ibimus, o socii comitesque !  
Nil desperandum Teucro duce et auspice Teucro ;  
    Certus enim promisit Apollo,  
Ambiguam tellure nova Salamina futuram.  
    O fortes pejoraque passi  
Mecum sæpe viri, nunc vino pellite curas ;  
    Cras ingens iterabimus æquor.'

Like me forget your troubles for a while, bid care avaunt,  
Take tickets for the pantomine, or visit 'Charley's Aunt.'  
Remember how in '65, when Dizzy's craft abhorred  
Induced my *alma mater* to throw me overboard—  
Did I assume the willow, or cringe beneath the blow,  
Or bid my sad supporters an eternal farewell? No !  
I shook the dust of Oxford from my feet and sallied  
forth

And in two days was sitting for a county in the North.  
'Cheer up, faint-hearted Liberals !'—so rang my clarion  
cry—

'At last I am unmuzzled : never think of saying die !  
What though my foster parent has ejected me in scorn,  
I'm certain of a welcome in the shire where I was born.  
Once more the flowing tide is ours ; be brave and  
banish sorrow,  
What Lancashire decides to-day is England's will to-  
morrow.'

*AD LEUCONOËN*

Tu ne quæsieris, scire nefas, quem mihi, quem tibi  
 Finem di dederint, Leuconoë, nec Babylonios  
 Tentaris numeros. Ut melius, quidquid erit, pati !  
 Seu plures hiemes seu tribuit Jupiter ultimam,  
 Quæ nunc oppositis debilitat pumicibus mare  
 Tyrrhenum, sapias, vina liques et spatio brevi  
 Spem longam reseces. Dum loquimur, fugerit invida  
 Ætas. Carpe diem quam minimum credula postero.

*AD ASTROLOGIÆ AMATOREM*

DEAR Mr. Stead, excuse me if I beg you, as a friend,  
To cease importuning the spooks about my latter end.  
Your Babylonish numbers, I admit, were even worse,  
But still, a taste for spirits is undoubtedly a curse.  
Far better leave the stars alone, and, banishing to  
Burmah

Your astral misalliances, take root on *terra firma*.  
This chilly June may be our last, or Providence decree  
That we shall both contribute to the *Twentieth Century*.  
In either case try drinking port, and study to be sane,  
Lest your high hopes should ruin down the limitless  
inane.

E'en as I write this post-card, time flies, hand over hand :  
Then cultivate the daily press, nor trust in *Borderland*.

*AD MÆCENATEM*

VILE potabis modicis Sabinum  
Cantharis, Græca quod ego ipse testa  
Conditum levi, datus in theatro  
Cum tibi plausus,

Care Mæcenas eques, ut paterni  
Fluminis ripæ simul et jocosa  
Redderet laudes tibi Vaticani  
Montis imago.

Cæcubum et prelo domitam Caleno  
Tu bibes uvam : mea nec Falernæ

*AD AMICUM*

DEAR Acton, next Wednesday, at dinner,

I cannot but honestly think

You'll find that my claret is thinner

Than that you're accustomed to drink.

Twelve shillings a dozen it cost me

That year—I remember it well—

When Oxford, that loved me yet lost me,

Created you Hon. D.C.L.

The cheers by your presence excited

That filled the Sheldonian dome,

The Vatican vastly delighted,

And sensibly gratified Rome.

Temperant vites neque Formiani

Pocula colles.

And so, for the savour historic  
That clings to my modest Bordeaux,  
You'll pardon its want of caloric,  
And vote it the choicest of Clos.

*AD ARISTIUM FUSCUM*

INTEGER vitæ scelerisque purus  
Non eget Mauris jaculis neque arcu  
Nec venenatis gravida sagittis,  
Fusce, pharetra,

Sive per Syrtes iter æstuosas  
Sive facturus per inhospitalem  
Caucasum vel quæ loca fabulosus  
Lambit Hydaspes.

Namque me silva lupus in Sabina,  
Dum meam canto Lalagen et ultra

*AD ARISTIDEN OBFUSCATUM*

IF clear be your conscience, my Morley,  
No bullet-proof coat you'll require,  
Though often dispirited sorely  
By Erin's Invincible ire :  
Nay further, discarding coercion,  
You may with impunity fare  
On a midsummer moonlight excursion  
Unarmed through the County of Clare.

Look at me. As the breeze of the zephyr  
I strolled forth of late to enjoy,  
A vicious and virulent heifer—  
I was humming the ' Dear Irish Boy '—

Terminum curis vagor expeditis,  
Fugit inermem,

Quale portentum neque militaris  
Daunias latis alit æsculetis  
Nec Jubæ tellus generat, leonum  
Arida nutrix.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis  
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,

Came fiercely galumphing beside me :

But suddenly changing its tone,

The animal amiably eyed me,

And left me severely alone.

O wild is Hibernia's Taurus,

And Collings' chimerical cow,

And neither demure nor decorous

Is the Tammany Bos, but I vow

That even in Chamberlain's garden <sup>1</sup>

No wickedder brute you'll espy

Than the horrible heifer of Hawarden,

Who fled from my emerald eye.

Were I bound within range of a rifle

In Dopping's implacable grip ;

<sup>1</sup> On May 7, 1894, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, M.P., was gored by a Guernsey bull at Highbury.

Quod latus mundi nebulæ malusque

Jupiter urget :

Pone sub curru nimium propinqui

Solis in terra domibus negata :

Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,

Dulce loquentem.

Though I fled to the summit of Eiffel

To give Ashmead-Bartlett the slip ;

Were I doomed to despair on Sahara,

Or sentenced to dine with the Shah,

Still I'd chant, to the tune of Ta-ra-ra,

The praises of Erin-go-Bragh.

*AD PUERUM*

PERSICOS odi, puer, apparatus,  
Displicent nexæ philyra coronæ ;  
Mitte sectari, rosa quo locorum  
Sera moretur.

Simplici myrto nihil allabores  
Sedulus curo : neque te ministrum

*AD CYRILLUM FLOSCULUM*

ORIENTAL flowers, my Cyril,  
     (Save of language) I detest;  
 Cull for me no costly orchid  
     To adorn my blameless breast.  
 Nor essay to deck my raiment  
     With the blushing English rose,  
 For its brutal Saxon odour  
     Aggravates my Scottish nose.

Me as Minister the fragrance  
     Of the leek doth most arride,  
 With the shamrock and the thistle  
     In a triple posy tied :

Dedecet myrtus, neque me sub arcta

Vite bibentem.

So, beneath my grand umbrella

Firmly fixed on College Green,

Let us deviate from duty

In a deluge of poteen.

*AD DELLIVM*

ÆQUAM memento rebus in arduis  
 Servare mentem, non secus in bonis  
 Ab insolenti temperatam  
 Lætitia, moriture Delli,

Seu mæstus omni tempore vixeris  
 Seu te in remoto gramine per dies  
 Festos reclinatum bearis  
 Interiore nota Falerni.

Huc vina et unguenta et nimium breves  
 Flores amœnæ ferre jube rosæ,  
 Dum res et ætas et sororum  
 Fila trium patiuntur atra.

*AD VERITATIS CULTOREM*

HENRY, sore shattered by this trying summer,  
Pray keep a level head like mine, nor deign  
To play the mad Mephistophelean mummer,  
Should fickle fortune favour us again.

Whether you toil in London like a nigger,  
Or, snatching hurriedly a breathing space,  
At some familiar German baths you figure,  
Quaffing the waters with impassive grace,

Scorn not the wine-cup, puff the Melachrino,  
And pluck the pallid Primrose while you may,  
Ere Time, that mocks at Holloway and Eno,  
O'er Truth's own editor shall assert his sway.

Cedes coëmpis saltibus et domo  
Villaque, flavus quam Tiberis lavit,  
Cedes, et exstructis in altum  
Divitiis potietur heres.

Divesne prisco natus ab Inacho,  
Nil interest, an pauper et infima  
De gente sub divo moreris,  
Victima nil miserantis Orci.

Omnes eodem cogimur, omnium  
Versatur urna serius ocius  
Sors exitura et nos in æternum  
Exsilium impositura cymbæ.

For there will come an hour when you, my Labby,  
Must quit your charming villa and your lands  
At Twickenham, and (resting in the Abbey)  
Bequeath your modest pile to other hands.

What though to noble Frenchmen famed in story  
You trace your blood's cerulean tint, I fear  
The least sophisticated rural Tory  
In mere longevity may prove your peer.

Death waits on all, impartial, unrelenting,  
And none of mortals may the summons brave  
That bids us, or resigned or unconsenting,  
Fare forth upon th' irremeable wave.

*AD SEPTIMIUM*

SEPTIMI, Gades aditure mecum et  
 Cantabrum indoctum juga ferre nostra et  
 Barbaras Syrtes, ubi Maura semper  
 Æstuat unda ;

Tibur Argeo positum colono  
 Sit meæ sedes utinam senectæ,  
 Sit modus lasso maris et viarum  
 Militiæque !

*AD CICERONEM NOSTRUM*

MAJESTIC Armitstead, colossal crony,

Ever at shortest notice all agog

To start for Brighton as my cicerone,

For Gothenburg, Khartoum, or Ballybog—

Prepared, did Arctic fever fire my soul,

To pilot me in person to the Pole !

A truce, old friend, to Continental touring ;

Tempt me no more in foreign realms to roam :

To me incomparably more alluring

Are the delights of Hawarden and of home :

For I have crowded more into my span

Than any mortal since the Ithacan.

Unde si Parcæ prohibent iniquæ,  
Dulce pellitis ovibus Galæsi  
Flumen et regnata petam Laconi  
Rura Phalanto.

Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes  
Angulus ridet, ubi non Hymetto  
Mella decedunt viridique certat  
Bacca Venafro.

Ver ubi longum tepidasque præbet  
Jupiter brumas, et amicus Aulon

Thence if the savage Sassenach should hound me  
    Into the heart of gallant little Wales,  
O may some suitable retreat be found me  
    Amid fair Cambria's enchanting vales ;  
For I have ever been, and am, a glutton  
For all things Welsh—from music down to mutton.

Yes, Wales I love, home of the bilious bunny ;  
    Home of my fiery namesake, Mr. Gee ;  
Whose heather yields the most delicious honey,  
    Whose Bards are countless as the sands o' Dee.  
Whose leek, to any educated nose,  
Is sweeter than the overrated rose.

There, to assuage the thirsty native throttle,  
    My noble and accomplished friend Lord Bute<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In South Wales, Lord Bute has had a vineyard for nineteen years, and he has made good wine from his grapes. Lord Bute's

Fertili Baccho minimum Falernis

Invidet uvis.

Ille te mecum locus et beatæ

Postulant arces ; ibi tu calentem

Debita sparges lacrima favillam

Vatis amici

Grows splendid wine at nine-and-six the bottle—

A most refined and lucrative pursuit.

In fact, there's not 'the differ of' a *bouton*

"Twixt Mouton Rothschild and this Cymru Mouton

There Watkin's high but hospitable chalet

Will oftentimes invite us for a climb

By slow and easy stages from the valley,

To hoary Snowdon's pinnacle sublime

There let us live and die, and dying, win

Meet elegy from Morris of Penbryn.

head gardener says that some of the wine from the 1881 crop realised 115s. a dozen when sold by auction at Birmingham last year. This crop was grown at Castell Coch. Lord Bute has now another large vineyard on the shore of the Bristol Channel, where the 'Gamy Nori' grapes last year gave forty hogsheads of wine of the best quality.'—*Daily Graphic*, September 17, 1894.

*AD LICINIUM MURENAM*

RECTIUS vives, Licini, neque altum  
Semper urgendo neque, dum procellas  
Cautus horrescis, nimium premendo  
Litus iniquum.

Auream quisquis mediocritatem  
Diligit, tutus caret obsoleti  
Sordibus tecti, caret invidenda  
Sobrius aula.

*AD MILESIUM GLORIOSUM*

'TWOULD please me greatly, dear 'Tay Pay,

If from exaggeration's sway

    You could be weaned.

I m not, although you'd have it so,

A perfect seraph, nor is ' Joe '

    A perfect fiend.

The pressman who in all his prose

' Conspicuous moderation ' shows,

    Can never fill

A place upon the Birthday lists,

Nor sink, 'mid hireling eulogists,

    To puff a pill.

Sæpius ventis agitur ingens  
Pinus, et celsæ graviore casu  
Decidunt turres, feriuntque summos  
Fulgura montes.

Sperat infestis, metuit secundis  
Alteram sortem bene præparatum  
Pectus. Informes hiemes reducit  
Jupiter, idem

Summovet. Non, si male nunc, et olim  
Sic erit. Quondam cithara tacentem

Balloons that soar to heights unknown,

An ugly way at times have shown

Of going pop :

And you, Sol's charioteer-in-chief,

Must face, if e'er you come to grief,

A long, long drop.

When fickle fortune wears a frown,

Be not dis-astrously cast down ;

Nor trust her smile :

The Sun, we know, can't always shine ;

But then, last June was quite as fine

As this is vile.

Although the outlook's somewhat black,

With Rosebery on Ladas' back

'Tis bound to mend ;

Suscitat musam neque semper arcum

Tendit Apollo.

Rebus angustis animosus atque

Fortis appare ; sapienter idem

Contrahes vento nimium secundo

Turgida vela

When Tara's harp is heard anew,  
Your editorial long-bow you  
May well unbend.

Though our majorities be small,  
And candid friends predict our fall,  
Tay Pay, sit tight ;  
Refraining, when we gaily glide  
Upon the fair and flowing tide,  
From blatherskite.

*AD POSTUMUM*

EHEU fugaces, Postume, Postume,  
Labuntur anni nec pietas moram  
Rugis et instanti senectæ  
Afferet indomitæque morti :

Non, si trecentis, quotquot eunt dies,  
Amice, places illacrimabilem  
Plutona tauris, qui ter amplum  
Geryonen Tityonque tristi

Compescit unda, scilicet omnibus,  
Quicunque terræ munere vescimur,  
Enaviganda, sive reges  
Sive inopes erimus coloni.

*AD POSTREMUM GENGULPHUM*

AH, Ellis, Ellis ! Waning fame  
 Nor art nor eloquence can stay ;  
 A dog, though hyphened be his name,  
 Can only have his day.

Though up and down the country you  
 Should daily thump three hundred tubs,  
 You would not soothe the Marquess, who  
 Rollit and Randolph snubs.

The common lot ! We all at last  
 Receive the inevitable sack—  
 The Jingo, the Iconoclast,  
 The Peer, the Party Hack.

Frustra cruento Marte carebimus  
Fractisque rauci fluctibus Hadriæ,  
Frustra per autumnos nocentem  
Corporibus metuemus Austrum :

Visendus ater flumine languido  
Cocytus errans et Danaï genus  
Infame damnatusque longi  
Sisyphus Æolides laboris.

Linquenda tellus et domus et placens  
Uxor, neque harum, quas colis, arborum  
Te præter invisas cupressos  
Ulla brevem dominum sequetur.

Absumet heres Cæcuba dignior  
Servata centum clavibus et mero  
Tinget pavimentum superbo,  
Pontificum potiore cœnis.

In vain to murderous war you urge

The armies of the Empress Queen,

In vain her navies o'er the surge

You steer to College Green :

Below the gangway must you sit

With Bartley, Hanbury, and Bowles ;

A mark for journalistic wit,

A butt for all the Souls.

No Civil Lordship then for you ;

*England*, your love, will disappear ;

The *North American Review*

Alone your cry will hear.

Another patriot will arise,

A bolder guardian of the Guelph,

A coiner of more raucous cries,

More blatant than yourself.

*AD GROSPHUM*

OTIUM divos rogat in patenti  
 Prensus Ægæo, simul atra nubes  
 Condedit lunam neque certa fulgent  
                   Sidera nautis ;

Otium bello furiosa Thrace,  
 Otium Medi pharetra decori,  
 Gropshe, non gemmis neque purpura ve-  
                   nale neque auro.

Non enim gazæ neque consularis  
 Summovet lictor miseros tumultus  
 Mentis et curas laqueata circum  
                   Tecta volantes.

*AD PRIMULAM VULGAREM*

CALM upon the broad Atlantic, tossed by billows fierce  
and frantic,

Pallid passengers inordinately crave,  
As the angry ocean surges and the sire of Boanerges  
Cataclysmically merges cloud and wave.

Calm it is that wan advisers of unconscionable Kaisers  
Unceasingly are striving to attain—

Calm, the coveted of Chilians and belligerent Brazilians,  
Calm, that even Mackay's millions court in vain.

For although your wealth be teeming far beyond a miser's  
dreaming,

Though your lackeys have the lustre of Lord Mayors,  
Pomp affords no mitigation of the cankering vexation  
Of a democrat condemned to sit upstairs.

Vivitur parvo bene, cui paternum  
Splendet in mensa tenui salinum,  
Nec leves somnos timor aut cupido  
Sordidus aufert.

Quid brevi fortes jaculamur ævo  
Multa? Quid terras alio calentes  
Sole mutamus? Patriæ quis exsul  
Se quoque fugit?

Scandit æratas vitiosa naves  
Cura nec turmas equitum relinquit,  
Ocior cervis et agente nimbos  
Ocior Euro.

Modest wants are soonest sated ; though their spoons be  
silver-plated,

Many men by sounder slumbers are restored  
Than if they yearly spent more than the millionaire of  
Mentmore,  
Or drank from golden goblets like a lord.

What avails our ceaseless striving, planning, plotting, and  
contriving,

As we flit in search of sunshine or of peace  
To the heart of Cochin-China, Carolina, Argentina?  
Even Liberators can't obtain release.

Care asserts her odious power in the warship's conning-  
tower,

Scruples not the gilded guardsman to assail ;  
And her onset far surpasses e'en such speed as Isinglass's,  
Surpasses e'en the racers of the rail.

Lætus in præsens animus quod ultra est  
Oderit curare et amara lento  
Temperet risu. Nihil est ab omni  
Parte beatum.

Abstulit clarum cita mors Achillem,  
Longa Tithonum minuit senectus,  
Et mihi forsan, tibi quod negarit,  
Porriget hora.

Te greges centum Siculæque circum  
Mugiunt vaccæ, tibi tollit hinnitum

To anticipate disaster brings it hitherward the faster ;

Oh, believe me, Tapley's attitude is best.

As for Labouchere's reviling, learn from me to bear it  
smiling :

No lot on earth is altogether blest.

Canning's doom was brilliant brevity ; ineffectual lon-  
gevity

Obscured the early eminence of Grey :

And it may be in our sequel, though in length of span  
unequal,

Serenier joys shall crown my closing day.

You have parks as broad as prairies, you've Elizabethan  
dairies,<sup>1</sup>

You've an army of retainers at your call :

<sup>1</sup> ' Mentmore, " the lordly pleasure house " which the Earl of  
Rosebery came into possession of on his marriage, is celebrated far

Apta quadrigis equa, te bis Afro  
Murice tinctæ

Vestiunt lanæ : mihi parva rura et  
Spiritus Graiæ tenuem Camenæ  
Parca non mendax dedit et malignum  
Spernere vulgus.

And the winner of the 'Guineas' and the Derby proudly  
whinnies

Whene'er the Opposition has a fall.

I've a small estate at Hawarden, with a nice old-fashioned  
garden,

I've a pair of carriage-horses and a cob ;

And I con my classic folios far from Parliament's im-  
broglions,

Unembarrassed by the mandate of the mob.

and wide for its noble halls and beautiful gardens. . . . Lord Rose-  
bery's is essentially a dairy farm. . . . The dairy is . . . provo-  
cative of admiration, with its Elizabethan architecture. . . . In  
the centre is a marble fountain. . . . On the wooden shelves is a  
good deal of china, chiefly in Dresden and other fine ware. . . .  
The orchard is under the jurisdiction of Mr. J. Smith, who has fifty  
gardeners and labourers under his direction.'—From 'The Prime  
Minister as Farmer,' *Westminster Gazette*, April 25, 1894.

*DE CONTINENTIA*

NON ebur neque aureum

Mea renidet in domo lacunar,

Non trabes Hymettiae

Premunt columnas ultima recisas

Africa, neque Attali

Ignotus heres regiam occupavi,

Nec Laconicas mihi

Trahunt honestae purpuras clientae :

At fides et ingeni

Benigna vena est, pauperemque dives

Me petit ; nihil supra

Deos lacezzo nec potentem amicum

*AD CRÆSUM CHICAGINENSEM*

No staircase of marble, no ceiling  
 By Tadema painted, are mine ;  
 My spoons are unworthy of stealing.  
 No epicure envies my wine.  
 No millionaire ever bequeathed me  
 The tithe of his riches untold,  
 Nor has any Tracy enwreathed me,  
 Like Dizzy, with laurels of gold

No, mine is an intellect spacious,  
 A record unsullied by blame,  
 And even Carnegie is gracious  
 Enough my acquaintance to claim

Largiora flagito

Satis beatus unicis Sabinis.

Truditur dies die,

Novæque pergunt interire lunæ.

Tu secanda marmora

Locas sub ipsum funus et sepulcri

Immemor struis domos

Marisque Baiis obstrepentis urges

Summovere litora,

Parum locuples continente ripa.

Quid, quæd usque proximos

Revellis agri terminos et ultra

Limites clientium

Salis avarus? Pellitur paternos

In sinu ferens deos

Et uxor et vir sordidosque natos.

Heav'n's bounty for naught I importune,  
I cringe not to rich or to great,  
Supremely content with my fortune,  
My snug little Flintshire estate.

Though time, like Niagara speeding,  
Brings doom to the plutocrat peer,  
Of death and its duties unheeding  
New palaces hastes he to rear.  
Or, craving a keener emotion  
Than life on the mainland supplies,  
He scours o'er the surface of ocean  
In yachts of extravagant size.

Nay more if he thinks that his shooting  
The huts of the husbandmen spoil,  
He never refrains from uprooting  
Poor tenants by scores from the soil :

Nulla certior tamen

Rapacis Orci fine destinata

Aula divitem manet

Herum. Quid ultra tendis? Æqua tellus

Pauperi recluditur

Regumque pueris, nec satellites Orci

Callidum Promethea

Revexit auro captus. Hic superbum

Tantalum atque Tantali

Genus coërcet, hic levare functum

Pauperem laboribus

Vocatus atque non vocatus audit.

For, sifting the facts from the fictions—

A duty no sage should refuse—

'Twixt Scottish and Irish evictions

There isn't a penny to choose.

Yet Harcourt, that resolute wrecker,

Whose *fiat* we humbly obey,

To fatten his famished exchequer

Marks down even Dukes for his prey !

In vain his remorseless exaction

They daily endeavour to dodge ;

Death's sole and supreme satisfaction

Is tasted by penniless Hodge.

*CARMEN AMŒBÆUM*

*Hor.* Donec gratus eram tibi,  
Nec quisquam potior brachia candidæ  
Cervici juvenis dabat,  
Persarum vigui rege beatior.

*Lyd.* Donec non alia magis  
Arsisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën,

*CARMEN AMŒBÆUM*

*Will.* When in the golden days of yore  
 Thy favour I enjoyed  
 (Though purely Scottish to the core),  
 My bliss was unalloyed :  
 Proud of a love that jealous fate  
 Methought could never mar,  
 I envied not the high estate  
 Of Kaiser or of Czar.

*Brit.* So long, sweet William, as I reigned  
 Unrivalled in thy breast,  
 Ere blarneying Hibernia gained  
 The throne I erst possessed ;

Multi Lydia nominis  
Romana vigui clarior Ilia.

*Hor.* Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit  
Dulces docta modos et citharæ sciens,  
Pro qua non metuam mori,  
Si parcent animæ fata superstiti.

*Lyd.* Me torret face mutua  
Thurini Calaïs filius Ornyti,

Proud of thy genius and thy love,  
I candidly confess  
I ranked Victoria's realm above  
The realm of good Queen Bess.

*Will.* Me now Hibernia holds in thrall,  
My crownless harpy Queen !  
With her I chant in Tara's Hall  
'The Wearing of the Green.'  
For her dear sake I'd rant and rail  
At every institution,  
Although such conduct should entail  
A sudden dissolution.

*Brit.* Me Cecil fires with mutual flame,  
My masterful *Marquis* !  
I love him for his noble name,  
His ancient pedigree.

Pro quo bis patiar mori,  
Si parcent puero fata superstiti.

*Hor.* Quid, si prisca redit Venus,  
Diductosque jugo cogit aëneo?  
Si flava excutitur Chloë,  
Rejectæque patet janua Lydiæ?

*Lyd.* Quanquam sidere pulchrior  
Ille est, tu levior cortice et improbo

*Two* dissolutions in two years  
For him I'd undergo,  
Provided that the House of Peers  
Escaped an overthrow.

*Will.* Suppose the old familiar fire  
Afresh within me burned?  
Suppose the lady and her lyre  
In weariness I spurned?  
What if I bowed my Irish bride  
Politely to the door,  
And swore unswervingly to bide  
With thee for evermore?

*Brit.* 'Though fairer than the *Star* were he,  
'Than Hottentot thou sabler,  
More flighty than Mid-Cork's M.P.,  
'Than Channel chops unstabler,

Iracundior Hadria,

Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

With thee as guardian of my race  
Life's bliss anew would bloom,  
With thee unfalteringly I'd face  
The deadly ding of doom.

*AD MÆCENATEM*

INCLUSAM Danaën turris aënea  
 Robustæque fores et vigilum canum  
 Tristes excubiæ munierant satis  
         Nocturnis ab adulteris,  
 Si non Acrisium virginis abditæ  
 Custodem pavidum Jupiter et Venus  
 Risissent : fore enim tutum iter et patens  
         Converso in pretium deo.  
 Aurum per medios ire satellites  
 Et perrumpere amat saxa potentius

*AD CÆCILIVM AFRICANVM*

GIRT round by scrub and stream, and closely guarded

By valiant warriors waiting on his call,

Loben the brave, who erst the lean earth larded,

Were even now at peace within his kraal,

Holding unchallenged sway o'er his possessions,

Meting rude justice both to young and old,

But for the craze for claims and for concessions,

But for the over-mastering greed of gold.

Gold saps the moral fibre of electors,

Lures building companies from virtue's way.

Ictu fulmineo : concidit auguris

Argivi domus ob lucrum

Demersa exitio ; diffidit urbium

Portas vir Macedo et subruit æmulos

Reges muneribus ; munera navium

Sævos illaqueant duces.

Crescentem sequitur cura pecuniam

Majorumque fames. Jure perhorruì

Late conspicuum tollere verticem,

Mæcenas, equitum decus.

Quanto quisque sibi plura negaverit,

Ab dîs plura feret : nil cupientium

Nudus castra peto et transfuga divitum

Partes linquere gestio,

Demoralises deputies, directors,  
And brings the house of Jabez to decay.  
Gold tempts the skippers of a neutral nation  
To run the fearful perils of blockade ;  
Gold was the means of Erin's degradation,  
When Pitt his 'blackguard' policy essayed.

Wealth, as it waxes, only brings vexation,  
Linked with a never-ceasing thirst for pelf :  
Happy is he, who, shunning speculation,  
Remains a simple commoner, like myself.  
The life of self-denial far surpasses  
The 'cushioned ease'<sup>1</sup> of dukes and millionaires,  
And I have found more virtue in the masses  
Than in the cleanest class who purchase Pears'.

<sup>1</sup> 'It is possible that he [Mr. Chamberlain] may have a certain enjoyment in the cushioned ease of that society in which he now mixes with satisfaction.'—*Speech of Mr. Gladstone at the Memorial Hall, London, July 29, 1887.*

Contemptæ dominus splendidior rei,  
Quam si quidquid arat impiger Apulus  
Occultare meis dicerer horreis,

Magnas inter opes inops.

Puræ rivus aquæ silvaque jugerum  
Paucorum et segetis certa fides meæ  
Fulgentem imperio fertilis Africæ

Fallit sorte beatior.

Quanquam nec Calabræ mella ferunt apes  
Nec Læstrygonia Bacchus in amphora  
Languescit mihi nec pingua Gallicis

Crescunt vellera pascuis,

Importuna tamen pauperies abest  
Nec, si plura velim, tu dare deneges.

Leader of these, I harbour no ambition

To own a gold reef, or control De Beers :

My small estate in Wales, my Irish mission,

Suffice to solace my declining years.

Such is the bliss for which alone I hunger ;

So dowered, I would not, were the option free,

Exchange with you, though forty summers younger,

And lord of Africa from sea to sea.

Tis true no dainties deck my frugal table ;

I don't possess a dozen of Lafite ;

I own no cattle-ranche nor racing stable,

Nor do my yachts with ' Vigilant ' compete.

But I am far removed from destitution,

Far from the ' Union,' whatsoe'er betide ;

And, judging by your famous contribution,

More, if I wanted it, you would provide.

Contracto melius parva cupidine  
Vectigalia porrigam,  
Quam si Mygdoniis regnum Alyattei  
Campis continuem. Multa petentibus  
Desunt multa : bene est, cui deus obtulit  
Parca, quod satis est, manu.

Take it from me—no philosophic tyro—  
Happier the man who limits his desires,  
Than he who prances from Cape Town to Cairo,  
Or spans the wastes of Africa with wires.  
Excessive wants on earth are never sated,  
Nor mines nor millions avarice can assuage :  
Blest he, from Income-tax emancipated,  
Who is content to earn a living wage.

*AD PHYLLIDEM*

EST mihi nonum superantis annum  
Plenus Albani cadus ; est in horto,  
Phylli, nectendis apium coronis ;

Est hederæ vis

Multa, qua crines religata fulges ;  
Ridet argento domus ; ara castis  
Vincta verbenis avet immolato

Spargier agno ;

Cuncta festinat manus, huc et illuc  
Cursitant mixtæ pueris puellæ ;  
Sordidum flammæ trepidant rotantes  
Vertice fumum.

*AD DOROTHEAM*

I KNOW where there is honey in a jar  
Meet for a certain little friend of mine ;  
And, Dorothy, I know where daisies are  
That only wait small hands to intertwine  
A wreath for such a golden head as thine.

The thought that thou art coming makes all glad :  
The house is bright with blossoms high and low,  
And many a little lass and little lad  
Expectantly are running to and fro :  
The fire within our hearts is all aglow.

Ut tamen noris quibus advoceris  
Gaudiis, Idus tibi sunt agendaë,  
Qui dies mensem Veneris marinæ

Findit Aprilem,

Jure sollemnis mihi sanctiorque  
Pæne natali proprio, quod ex hac  
Luce Mæcenæ meus adfluentes

Ordinat annos.

Telephum, quem tu petis, occupavit  
Non tuæ sortis juvenem puella  
Dives et lasciva tenetque grata

Compede vinctum.

Terret ambustus Phaëthon avaras  
Spes, et exemplum grave præbet ales  
Pegasus terrenum equitem gravatus

Bellerophonem,

Semper ut te digna sequare et ultra  
Quam licet sperare nefas putando

We want thee, child, to share in our delight  
On this high day, the holiest and best,  
Because 'twas then, ere youth had taken flight,  
Thy grandmamma, of women loveliest,  
Made me of men most honoured and most blest.

That haughty boy who led thee to suppose  
He was thy sweetheart, has, I grieve to tell,  
Been seen to pick the garden's choicest rose  
And toddle with it to another belle,  
Who does not treat him altogether well.

But mind not that, or let it teach thee this—  
To waste no love on any youthful rover  
(All youths are rovers, I assure thee, Miss).  
No, if thou wouldst true constancy discover,  
Thy grandpapa is perfect as a lover.

Disparem vites. Age jam meorum

Finis amorum—

Non enim posthac alia calebo

Femina—condisce modos amanda

Voce quos reddas ; minuentur atræ

Carmine curæ.

So come, thou playmate of my closing day,  
The latest treasure life can offer me,  
And with thy baby laughter make us gay.  
Thy fresh young voice shall sing, my Dorothy,  
Songs that shall bid the feet of sorrow flee.



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